FRANK HARRIS WEIGHS FACTORS LEADING TO END OF THE WAR

Continued from Fifth Page.

Writer Whose Article in Last Sunday's Sun Caused Sensation Evolves New Theory of This Phase of Struggle and Sketches a Few Pictures of the Earl of Rosebery

are widely exaggerated; whatever forces the Germans have at command they must assuredly have put to use in these first six months. We are justified in assuming that they have no unused powers.

The weightiest factor in the whole problem is the incredible supine weakness of Great Britain. No one can doubt that if she had put her hand in her pocket she could at least have insured the neutrality of Turkey. It is admitted now that if she had offered sufficient monetary inducements to her own population she could by this time have thrown another million of men into France or, better still, into Ostend.

But the conditions she has offered to her volunteers and especially to the widows and orphans of the men who may be killed in fighting for her are disgracefully mean and paltry. What man will feel inclined to fight when he knows that if he is killed his widow will only get $2 a week or so to live upon? And it is only lately that as much as this has been offered. Under the circumstances it says a great deal for the fighting spirit of the Briton that over two millions of men have offered their services.

But what must be thought of the British Government, which at the last push of fate sacrifices victory to pick-thank meanness? English Ministers are still intent on waging war "on the cheap" when, had they shown the spirit and resolution of Cromwell or even of Chatham, they might have already decided the conflict. Chatham had given them the lead, but they seem incapable of even profiting by his example.

They began the war with all the chances in their favor, all the powers. Already their lack of insight and will has made the issue of the struggle doubtful. A few months more of their characteristic waiting upon fortune and it will be too late. Will they "wake up" in time?

The triumvirate of Asquith, Winston Churchill and Kitchener is on trial; so far they have done about as little as men could do and have brought the world to wonder at their poverty of invention. They deserve the bitter gibe I heard from an American the other day: "The Germans will fight to the last German, the Belgians to the last Belgian, and the Britons to the last—Frenchman."

Sir Edward Grey, on the other hand, has shown himself the cleverest diplomatist in Europe; at the beginning of the war he won the sympathy of all neutral peoples by the horror he expressed at the violation of Belgian neutrality by the Germans; he almost persuaded America that Britain was fighting for little Belgium, outraged and overwhelmed by German hordes. Now Americans are beginning to realize that England wanted Germany's trade and was jealous of her astounding growth in industry, commerce and naval power. Sir Edward Grey has done splendidly for his country all through, and if the contest were to be decided by diplomatic cunning and verbal skill, it wouldn't be difficult to select the winner.

Even now if England proposed to Italy to defray all the money cost of her participation in the war with the additional bribe of the Trentino and Trieste in case of success it is as certain as anything can be that Italy would take the bait, and at once the position of Germany and Austria would be greatly worsened. By spending two or three hundred millions of pounds in this way England would be saving money in the long run; but she still hesitates and fumbles.

Nobody who knows them expects much from Asquith, Winston Churchill or Kitchener. Asquith is a mild and well meaning lawyer person with excellent work-a-day intelligence, absolutely unoriginal and yet endowed with a very considerable gift of sonorous phrases. He loves a good dinner and a good bottle of wine and follows the French proverb which says that after forty one ought to keep the cellar door open.

Winston Churchill is an arriviste, as the French say, of considerable energy and quickness, but he knows no language save his own, is without reading or a ray of genius; while Kitchener is far past his best and has always, in my opinion, found it easier to look wise than to talk wisely. Still Grey is there, and he is a considerable person, with remarkable force and elevation of character and some power of independent thought.

He has the head of a Roman General, cut as sharply as a cameo, and is singularly free of weakness. A courteous, reserved gentleman, half athlete, half thinker, he is very good indeed at whatever he undertakes. He has been a champion at tennis and keeps himself always in the pink of condition. As a young man he was very prudent, cautious even; as he grows older he grows bolder, and that's an excellent sign. If England does anything remarkable in this crisis, the initiative will probably come from Sir Edward Grey.

But while admitting that the British have seemingly the better cards and should win if they knew how to play them, I am far from sure that they will win, or rather I am convinced that the Germans will make an advantageous draw of it, if indeed they do not win outright.

For their superiority in organization and in fighting power is only a symbol of their superiority in morale and national enthusiasm.

Toward the middle of September there was an impassioned call for volunteers put forth by the War Office in Great Britain; about one hundred thousand men responded to the appeal in a week, then the enlisting fell off, as it came to be understood how poor the conditions were. When the news of this volunteering reached Germany over a million men offered themselves as volunteers within three days, though their services were not asked for by the Government and indeed had to be refused.

It would be utterly impossible to exaggerate the national spirit and enthusiasm of the Germans in this crisis. That docile and disciplined people showed itself capable of extraordinary and passionate devotion in 1814, but in 1914 their patriotism has become a religious fervor and a world in arms would not shock them. It is ridiculous to talk of militarism in this connection. The whole German people are with the Kaiser in this war and solemnly resolved to bring it to a great issue. Recently an American correspondent has given an admirable description of the high hearted happy confidence of the people. Soldiers going to the front are accompanied by their women folk; but there are no tears, no lamenting; the word of universal use is "Congratulations." Those about to die for their country are congratulated, those who return wounded are congratulated also. All Germans regard this as a defensive war and are prepared to prove their contention.

If France wants peace, they say, France can have it; we will give them back the French land we hold; in the same way if Russia sees there is no hope of winning and desires peace, we will hand back to them that part of Russian Poland which we occupy at present. Something we must have for our successes and immense self-sacrifice—Antwerp if Herr Ballin is to be trusted, and he is high in the Emperor's confidence—Antwerp and a certain suzerainty over Belgium, if not a sovereignty of it.

The question is: Will the Allies fight to the last rather than accept some such solution of the problem? Of course, they all declare they will, and they will probably stick to their resolve till they see they cannot hope to succeed. Then they will quickly become reasonable and accept the inevitable.

For already the weakness inherent in all allied forces has shown itself distinctly. No one now doubts the recent statement of the *Koelnische Zeitung* that France would have been willing to make peace early in September on the basis of the status quo ante. England, it is said, prevented this by declaring that in that case she would treat France as an enemy, and thus forced her to accept the agreement that none of the Allies would make peace separately.

But such agreements are hardly more than "scraps of paper." As soon as Russia sees that it is her cue to make peace she'll make it without caring greatly whether it suits France or England. England, of course, hopes for a fight to a finish, for so alone can she hope to gain Germany's trade and commerce, but, comparatively speaking, England is not suffering; it is her allies who are bearing the burden of the war. It may be assumed that if Germany can keep her hold of France and Russia peace will be welcomed by one or both of these countries before 1915 is done with.

If Germany had a diplomatist like Sir Edward Grey she would finish off the war in a month by offering Russia certain advantages in the Balkans. After all why should Germany or even Austria object to the Russian bear getting Constantinople? All that dog in the manger business is unworthy of a great people. Why should German lives be sacrificed to prevent Russia getting a good port? The Czar is an ardent admirer of the Kaiser. Russia is getting tired of breaking herself on the German line in Russian Poland and is beginning to realize her weakness and bully her allies or we should not have the representatives of the three Powers negotiating a joint loan in Paris.

Now is the opportunity for the Kaiser to prove himself a master of diplomacy. The German jealousy of the Slav and the Slav hatred of the German are alike pitiable; why not make an end of these tribal disputes? And if Germany got Russia to agree to peace conditions France could easily be pacified. France feels that she has burned her paws badly getting the chestnuts out of the fire for Great Britain. She had no conception of the strength of Germany and would be willing to make peace at once on condition of getting her own territory back and perhaps a few completely French communes in Lorraine for the sake of vainglory, and Germany can afford to be generous in this matter if she is allowed to keep Antwerp and a certain control over Belgium, and who could prevent her having this solatium? No one but England, and England without allies would be powerless.

At any rate there are the cards. Either side may win and end the devilish deadlock; who will be wise first? Germany or England? Germany by offering peace to Russia and France? Or England by uniting them and Italy as well in a new gigantic effort to smash and ruin Germany, her great commercial rival?

Some say that if Germany seems likely to triumph the United States will take a hand in the game; but that to me is simply incredible. It would not only be against her plain self-interest but also against the interests of humanity, as I shall try to make clear in my next article.

Lord Rosebery, it is true, in writing a preface to a new history of the war by a Mr. John Buchan declares that the victory of the Prussians means "the end of liberty, of civilization and of religion, as we have understood them to be," but Lord Rosebery in this is merely seeking to outdo Mr. Balfour, who also failed as Prime Minister, and who asserted at the Lord Mayor's banquet that Germany was "the enemy of civilization." Neither of these gentlemen knows anything about Germany; neither of them can speak German. Mr. Woodrow Wilson is better informed; he may be trusted to do what is right in this crisis.

The Earl of Rosebery.

THE only Briton of importance who has come into the limelight this week is Archibald Primrose, fifth Earl of Rosebery, Earl of Midlothian to boot, Viscount of Inverkeithing and Baron of this and that, including Epsom; he is a Knight of the Garter as well, an honorary doctor of laws of Cambridge University and a Fellow of the Royal Society and whilom Prime Minister. If one wishes to study the English aristocrat at his best, and the English oligarchy in its rose of fashion, one could choose no better representative than Lord Rosebery, for he is by universal consent the ablest of the crew in our generation. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and being a bright boy was earmarked, so to speak, from the outset for the highest honors.

At 21 he succeeded to his grandfather, and at once, as became his position, went on the turf; that is he gambled on racehorses and spent money as if he had had the Bank of England at his back. In three or four years he had dissipated the few thousand pounds a year of his paltry patrimony and had to appeal to Jew money lenders. By the time he was 28 or 29 he had run over a hundred thousand pounds in debt, and having sown his first crop of wild oats after the fashion of his caste had to look about him and take thought, for it was becoming increasingly difficult for him to borrow, and it was intolerable that a nobleman of his position should have to think at all of filthy lucre.

But money has an odd trick of humiliating those who despise it, and my Lord of Rosebery was compelled to use his wits to extricate himself from the slough of poverty.

In 1878 he did what was expected of him; he married Hannah, the only daughter and sole heiress of Baron Meyer de Rothschild. The Baron paid all the Earl's debts and started the young couple housekeeping with half a million sterling to boot, or say, $100,000 a year to begin with.

Lord Rosebery found life tolerable once more, and not having anything better to do took up his work in the House of Lords, as a Liberal, if you please. With the advent of the Liberals to power in 1880, he was made Under Secretary for Home Affairs by Mr. Gladstone in 1881; in 1885, having done his work without notorious blundering, he was made Lord Privy Seal and Chief Commissioner of Works. In 1886 he was made Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and again from 1892 to 1894, when he had young Edward Grey as Under Secretary; in 1894 he became Prime Minister, and kept the highest place in the kingdom for a year or so.

"Kept," I say, for I wish to lay stress upon the word. Lord Rosebery was made Prime Minister mainly because he was an earl, and Queen Victoria naturally preferred earls to commoners; but in the ordinary competition he couldn't "keep" his position, though he had the patronage of the kingdom and had only to select the best subordinates to have held his place easily. There came a revolt against him in the party and Campbell-Bannerman was made Prime Minister in his stead, mainly because Campbell-Bannerman had the wit to get Mr. Asquith on his side.

In the struggle for the Premiership Lord Rosebery had to drink the bitter cup of humiliation to the dregs; halfway through the struggle he was told that Asquith was the chief factor, and a meeting was arranged by a great lady who knew both Asquith and Rosebery but even then Rosebery could not win Asquith for lieutenant; the truce hardly lasted a week, and Rosebery was finally deposed and thrust out of the Premiership with scant ceremony.

Up to this time he had written nothing but a small monograph on Pitt; in his enforced political leisure he settled down to win fame as a writer. He wrote books on Peel and Napoleon, on Oliver Cromwell, Lord Randolph Churchill and Chatham; books received with extravagant eulogy by the whole press, and especially by the *Times;* but all alike utterly commonplace and worthless; no inkling of a new thought in any of them; the style feeble-florid without nerve or dignity; books puffed on all hands as masterpieces which had they been written by an unknown man would have been ridiculed by every critic who knew his work.

But even Englishmen get tired of holding up an empty sack though it bear a great name, and so gradually Lord Rosebery has settled down lower and lower in public esteem. The *Times* still speaks of him as "the first orator of the day"; but the judicious smile at the absurdity and let it pass. Still even at this moment, such is the power of English snobbery, a new book by Lord Rosebery is a sort of event, and if he were announced to speak in any hall in London it would be more crowded than Shaw and Wells, Kipling and Arnold Bennett were to appear on one and the same platform.

In his retirement Lord Rosebery can still look upon himself as a great man with unique titles to honor; he is the only Prime Minister, I believe, who has won the Derby, and that in itself is a singular distinction.

One story from his married life that may paint him to his Garter: His wife Hannah Rothschild (she died after twelve years of marriage in 1890) had the loose mouth and thick lips of most of that famous family. One night at dinner, I believe at Dalmeny Park, where Lord Rosebery was at the head of the table and his wife opposite to him at the other end, he leaned forward and said:

"Hannah, do please try to keep your tongue in your mouth."

But in spite of aristocratic insolence or perhaps because of it, so contradictory is our poor human nature, Hannah adored her husband to the last, and on her deathbed through a long delirium kept talking of him and giving directions to the servants to take care of his comfort in this or that particular.

It is the misfortune of nobles in Great Britain that they are so sheltered from the frosts and storms of life that they never can grow sturdy and strong or reach to full height; like kings, they are inevitably spoilt children from the cradle to the grave.

The Earl of Rosebery.

PRINCESS RADZIWILL TELLS OF THE INNER LIFE OF EUROPEAN COURTS

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

IF the new year gives us many books as interesting as the Princess Catherine Radziwill's "Memories of Forty Years" (Funk & Wagnalls) we will have some very entertaining reading. The Princess does not go as deeply into scandals as did Lady Cardigan, but nevertheless her book contains many lively stories and she does not hesitate to express her opinion of her contemporaries.

She is a fearless writer with a keen perception and a vein of humor that takes the sting out of some of her thrusts. Her knowledge of European court life from the inside and her acute observation combine to make this book not only of great interest but of decided worth as an account of the fads and failings of the most representative people of her day. Not only does she give us inside pictures of the life of the German, Russian and English courts, but she furnishes intimate pictures of Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Winston Churchill, Lord Rosebery, literary folk, novelists, poets and politicians as well as society. There is not a dry page in the book.

The Princess Radziwill begins her book with the account of her first visit to England, which country she loves very dearly, and I dare say that she loves it more to-day that it is engaged with her country, Russia, in fighting the Germans. In writing of English statesmen she contrasts John Morley, now Viscount Morley, with Gladstone.

She thinks that Morley's mind is far stronger than Gladstone's and his intelligence certainly superior to the Old Man's, being at the same time more serious and more practical. Personally she never noticed the great charm which Gladstone was supposed to possess. The weak point in his personality she describes as his "vanity and the admiration it inspired him to entertain for his own perfections." He believed seriously in everything concerning himself, even in the good intentions which he only imagined he possessed. She adds, "His attitude was like a firework which begins with a fuse and ends in smoke."

The Princess Radziwill could not help having her fun with Mrs. Gladstone, who she says was a very practical sort of person. She tells an anecdote of a party at Windsor Castle when the guests had all assembled and even the Queen herself had made her entrance, but Mrs. Gladstone was missing. When she appeared she was draped in a bath towel over which she had pinned a black lace shawl. She explained that her maid had forgotten to put into her trunk the bodice of her dress and that she had been obliged to supply the deficiency as well as she could. Later on in the evening the bodice was found hanging to her train, where it had been pinned by the maid, fearing that she might forget it.

When the Princess Radziwill writes of things in Germany she is even more at home than in England. She gives a very interesting and intimate account of Bismarck and his happy married life:

"Bismarck was always a good fighter, an enemy who compelled respect for the ceaseless energy with which he beat down every barrier and the undaunted manner in which he fought for what he believed was best for his loved empire. Seeing him in those moments of fierce battle it was difficult to believe the stories one heard of the tender and sweet simplicity of his home life. Yet it was unreservedly true.

"At those times when he was able to throw aside for a brief season the anxieties and harassments of State affairs he would retire to his home and there lead the happiest life it is possible to imagine. He was absolutely charming, and his wife was to him the best of mortals. They never allowed outside affairs to disturb the sweetness and harmony of their affection for each other.

"On religious questions they were poles apart, but even here—the stumbling block in so many cases—they were quite in harmony in agreeing to differ. There is no doubt that the Princess's homely characteristics contributed not a little to this perfection of harmony, for had she been a brilliant and dashing woman of the world the peaceful atmosphere of the home life would not have been so marked. It was all for the best that this homeloving woman could preserve for her Prince such a haven of restful quietude, where he could find grateful ease from the tension and nerve rack of his tempestuous public life."

The Princess Radziwill thinks that Bismarck should go down in history rather as a kindly hearted, fireside loving man than as a man who cared for public life; the latter was thrust upon him and he rose to it. "He was," she writes, "truly the great man of his time."

The Princess Radziwill was a great admirer of the Emperor William I. He was an old man when she first knew him, but she was impressed by his vigor and activity and the clearness of his eyes. "He was always very neat in his dress, he had a certain coquetry in the way in which he arranged his hair in order to hide his baldness. A long lock from the back was carried to the front, where it was fastened by means of a black thread to another coming from his forehead. This considerably added to the charm of his face. The Emperor could never have been a handsome young man, but in age he was imposing."

Although during the Franco-Prussian war the Emperor addressed all his telegrams to the Empress they were not on the most harmonious terms. The life of Augusta, according to this writer, can be described in one word "disappointment." She was disappointed during the whole course of her royal career, but she was never disillusioned because she neither realized her own imperfections nor succeeded in understanding that she was alone responsible for the numerous deceptions which she practised on herself.

Of William II., the present Kaiser, the Princess Radziwill writes that she has never met him since his accession to the throne, but she has kept a very bright remembrance of his personality, such as it appeared at the period about which she is writing. He was always conspicuous for his intelligence and what she describes as a great gift, "one of the most precious that nature can bestow—that of personal magnetism."

As a Prince he was very fond of society and of all the enjoyments which it offered, but she states positively that from the moment he ascended the throne his conduct became irreproachable. In the first years of their married life the Princess was in a constant state of ill health, but she had the good sense never to lend an ear to all the gossip that went about town concerning the Prince. She was very happy in her home and content to live on affectionate terms with her husband.

The Princess Radziwill was devoted to the Empress Victoria as well as to her husband, the Emperor Frederick of Prussia. When he became Emperor instead of sharing the throne with the companion of her life she found herself watching at his deathbed. During the Emperor's illness she wrote a letter to the Princess Radziwill in answer to a sympathetic one that she received from her. The Emperor was then dying.

"Sometimes," she writes, "it seems to me as if all this agony is nothing but a dream from which I must awake; and then anguish seizes me again and I realize my misfortune in all its depth. And when one thinks that I belong to the number of those who are called the happy ones of this earth! If only all the people who envy me—or rather who have envied me—could only guess how often the great ones of this world have to suffer for the high position which is theirs they would not be in such a hurry to judge or to condemn them. We have even to endure the pain of not being able to talk about sufferings, and at all costs we must fall and die like kings."

Her own death was painful in the extreme. She died from cancer, which tormented her for months. Before her death in her pain she would murmur: "The Emperor did not complain. I am not so brave as he was!"

It is quite plain that our Princess had "no use," as we say in America, for Mr. Gladstone:

"He did not admit any weakness in his personality, not even that of his age. I am pretty sure that if he ever thought about his 84 or 85 years it was only in changing the order of their numerals. He possessed aspirations, but not real statesmanlike faculties, and was by instinct a kind of revolutionary individual who destroyed what he found in his way as naturally as he ate his dinner, but who, having received a refined education, imagined he was not a Radical, in the same way that certain people imagine they are clean because they wash their hands."

Gen. Tcherevine the Princess describes as "the man next the throne" in Russia and until the day of his death the most popular man in St. Petersburg society. He was the intimate friend and confidential adviser of Alexander III. and later of the Czar Nicholas II.

"Such men," writes our Princess, "are not often met with, and he was worthy of the tears which the Empress Marie Feodorovna shed upon his coffin. She lost in him not only a devoted, faithful and intelligent servant, but also a friend passionately attached to her person and to her family.

"With her usual comprehension of men and things the Empress knew how to appreciate the General, during whose last moments she was present, holding his hands and weeping silently as he slowly expired; and if anything could have eased the death struggle of a man who did not wish to die, yet felt he was passing away in the full strength of his manhood and activity at a time when he knew himself to be almost indispensable to his monarch as well as to his country, it must have been this last supreme proof of friendship shown to him by the sovereign lady of whom he had been so proud to be considered the knight and the defender."

When she gets into her own country, Russia, the Princess Radziwill can and does tell us much that we could not learn from any one less familiar with court or diplomatic life. Of the famous Procurator of the Holy Synod, M. Pobedonostseff, whose powerful personality exercised such considerable influence during the whole life and reign of Alexander III., the Princess writes:

"I numbered him among my personal friends, if I can make use of such an expression in view of the enormous distance that separated a young woman of the age I was at that time from the great and mighty statesman that M. Pobedonostseff was. He always treated me with infinite kindness and an affability for which I shall always feel grateful.

"M. Pobedonostseff was one of the most learned men of his generation and also of Europe: the works which he has written are considered as classics, and in matters of jurisprudence few people have equalled him. What is not so well known abroad, where he has been represented as a harsh, cold man, is his amiability, his charm of conversation, the shrewdness and extreme delicacy of his mind, which made conversation with him entirely attractive."

Princess Catherine Radziwill.